VELVETEEN STREET GOWNS

Fashion Again Favors Velveteen for Out-Door Wear

GOWNS of velveteen will be popular this winter for street wear. They will be elaborately trimmed with soutache braid and fancy buttons. Tiny bands of fur will also be effectively used as a finish on the jacket or blouse, and on the collar.

The sketches show some of the new creations in velveteen.

The first on the left is of brown, trimmed with braid of the same color, through which a tiny gold thread runs. Gilt buttons harmonize with the braid. Sable fur is used on the collar and blouse.

The second is of gray braid, and fancy buttons give it the finishing touch.

A black velveteen is next shown. It is strapped with broadcloth.

The fourth is also of black. It is trimmed with white broadcloth, the combination being very effective. Black and white braids are also used and large black velvet buttons.

The next is of rich, dark blue. It has an ermine collar and trimming of the same fur on the blouse. Bands of narrow blue braid and blue and white ornaments are effectively used.

The last is black, trimmed with soutache braid. Instead of the jacket or blouse, this suit has the three-quarter length coat.

Diamonds' Dazzle Bad for the Eyes

SOMEBODY has advanced a new theory. It is declared that the fashion of wearing so many large diamonds is injurious to the eyesight.

This news will not interest a large percentage of the feminine population, for obvious reasons.

Neither is it likely to make unhappy the one who wears a tiara and a sunburst the size of a plate.

The danger is only to the admiring and envious few who surround the wearer of the gems.

If they gaze too long and earnestly at her jewels, according to this semi-medical authority, the effect produced on the eyes is somewhat like that of the electric light—a sense of bedazzlement and strain, which is hardly noticeable at first, but tends to become strongly marked.

ROMANCE IN OLD SUN DIALS

ONE of the most interesting reminders of days long dead, to us of the present, is the sun dial. In the lawns of fine old manor houses it stands gray and worn, its weather-beaten face upturned to the sun, as it has stood, perhaps, for centuries. It has marked the passage of time, which it has defied. And now that its day is done, its part in the world long since played out, still it stands, scarred and useless, but with a value and charm all its own. This charm, which is something intangible, indefinable, we feel, and linger long, watching the old dial tell its story of the flight of time, and dreaming of those others who have stood there before us. With the dial weaving its magic spell about us, we see them—a motley assemblage, wearing the garb of many ages and many lands. They are both old and young: but, strangely, the young linger longest by the sun dial. In some mystical way it seems in touch with life itself, and they wait for it to read the riddle. But by and by they, too, grow weary waiting and pass on. For it tells its secrets so slowly, second by second, second by second; too slowly for youth, and while it is telling they have their lives to live. There is no time to tarry by the old dial for the end.

Very ancient is the science of dialing or gnomonics. Its origin is veiled in the twilight of antiquity, but we know that it had its birth in the east. The first of all astronomical instruments was a gnomon or vertical pillar. Some authorities claim for the Phoenicians the honor of its invention. The earliest historical mention of a sun dial is found in the scriptural record of King Hezekiah, and in Homer's "Odyssey" there is an allusion to one which stood on the island of Syria. Almost universal was the attempt of primitive man to mark the course of time and in some form or other we find the traces of the dial in most countries of the world.

Notwithstanding the good service which sun dials rendered to our forefathers, they were naturally useless in cloudy weather, and other means had to be employed to serve a like purpose within door and at night time. A clever contrivance of the ancients was the clepsydra or water clock, which measured intervals of time by the escape of water through a vessel into a cistern beneath.

At one period hour glasses, invented in Alexandria about the middle of the third century, and worn in the place of the watch of today, were commonly used in England. After the Reformation, when long discourses became the fashion and the patience of the hearers was often sorely taxed, they were frequently attached to the pulpits of churches "where the preacher doth make a sermon, that he may know how the hour passeth away." Numerous sun dials may still be seen on the continent and in the British islands. Those in America were built because of their picturesqueness, not because they were a necessity. But tourists loiter long around these as well, watching with keen interest while they tell the flight of time. Many of the old sun dials are inscribed with quaint mottoes. A collection of these would be interesting. Some dials are in the shape of a cross, their mottoes usually expressing a religious sentiment. There are sun dials in Ireland said to date from the seventh and eighth centuries. Some of these are of a peculiar form, being flat, vertical slabs of stone set up in ancient graveyards. It is probable they were used to mark the canonical hours of prayer, and in this respect remind us of those to be seen in Mohammedan mosques. Watches were introduced into England from Germany in 1584, and from that time sun dials began to fall into disuse.

But though the sun dial is no longer a necessity we value it as an interesting memento of a younger civilization, a reminder of a happy time, when if there was less knowledge and skill in the world life was simpler and more poetical than it is nowadays.

OSTRICH PLUME'S LONG JOURNEY FROM THE LIVING BIRD TO FASHION'S CREATION

AN ostrich plume passes through nearly as many hands before reaching its apotheosis on a woman's head as a pair of shoes in its evolution from the hide to the completed product. The crude feather growing on the bird is as unlike its brilliant, softly waving self of the retail counter, both in hue and texture, as an egg in the nest is unlike an omelet aux fine herbes.

The part that women play in this evolution is naturally considerable. There is nothing more distinctly feminine than a fluffy, foamy ostrich tip, except it be a bit of real lace, and either will warm the cockles of the average woman's heart to about an equal extent. Well, out in California (which seems to be a sort of national headquarters for the ostrich industry) there are big factories where hundreds of women are employed at dressing the feathers. Many are French girls, for a French woman's knack at most things calling for manual dexterity stands her in good stead in this occupation. They wash, dye, steam, piece and curl the feathers, and sometimes they end by wearing them, too, for many of the processes call for considerable skill and experience, and a hand gets good wages.

With the raising of the feathers for the market women are not much concerned, and any one who has visited an ostrich farm will readily see the reason why. A full grown bird averages 250 pounds in weight. Its spindle shanks of legs are terminated by wicked three-pronged feet, and its kick—it kicks out in front instead of behind—will kill a man. John T. Millen, who is in charge of a farm on the Jersey coast, says he has seen an ostrich kill a horse. The ostrich struck the horse in the side, breaking four of its ribs at one blow, and the unhappy animal lived only an hour after the attack.

The ostrich is of an inquiring turn of mind. It seems to be one of its chief aims in life to survey mankind from China to Peru, and not only mankind, but all phenomena, whether of animate or inanimate nature. To this end it pecks at the border of a parasol, nibbles the brim of a hat, explores masculine pockets with a buccaneering spirit and sometimes plucks at a random nose or ear when the owner thereof is looking the other way. The fact is, it is dying of curiosity. It wants to investigate things worse than a special commissioner ever did, and nothing will suffice but a personal examination.

Besides being inquisitive, the ostrich is friendly in disposition. Where it is used to being handled and petted it is pre-eminently social. When a big bird confronts one, stretching up its squirming, snake-like neck as high as it will go, and fixing one in its wide, unwinking, impassive stare, it is almost more than one can do to keep from laughing in its face. Not that the ostrich would mind that at all. It would continue to stare for several minutes more with its mild, innocent gaze, until, its attention arrested, perhaps by a particularly inviting pebble or scrap of newspaper, it would suddenly drop all concern in one. Afterward one would recall that its eyes were large and of a luminous brown; that their expression was tender and a little wistful; that the lashes were long and beautiful, and that when it winked the lower lid met the upper half halfway across the pupil. The ostrich's ears are little, woolly affairs lying flat against the head.

Ostriches are plucked for their plumage every nine months. The birds are taken one at a time, and after being blindfolded are diven into a V-shaped enclosure. For hundreds of generations ostriches have labored under the impression that to secure invisibility from the enemy it was only necessary to bury their heads in the sand. So to this very day one has only to blindfold an ostrich to render him docile. Then the plucking begins. While one man banks him up from the rear to hold him still another, operating also from the rear in order to avoid kicks, swiftly goes through the plumage, picking out the mature feathers with a straight pull—no twist, or he would destroy the blood vessels at the root of the feathers—and neatly nipping with a pair of shears those that are just ripe. The attendants affirm positively that the plucking does not hurt, but certainly the birds are very restive under the process and do not appear to enjoy it. The plucking concludes with a daub of red paint, administered to the naked neck of the bird, to distinguish it from its unplucked fellows.

Three months later the plucked bird will be caught again and all the stumps of his feathers pulled out. Then the new feathers will have a chance to push up without danger of mutilation.

Ostriches are strictly monogamous. At the age of about four years they mate, and after that they remain faithful to each other till death do them part. As the average span of life is seventy years, their domestic habits might well be taken as a counsel of perfection by some human beings. The female lays twice a year, there being from twelve to fifteen eggs in each setting. Each of the eggs measures from three to four inches in diameter, and contains about as much substance as thirty hens' eggs.

It takes forty-two days and nights to hatch a brood, and the father sits through the nights and the mother through the days. When hatched the chicks are tiger-striped, and the size of a common barnyard fowl. They grow at the rate of six inches a month until the age of nine or ten months, when they are ready for their first plucking.

AMERICAN GIRL'S ART HONORS

PARIS, Oct. 20.—To the novelty of American girls receiving medals from the French salon it seems that we are hardly as accustomed as we are to their winning favor at foreign courts. Of the former, however, Miss Mary I. Green of Brooklyn, N. Y., has recently furnished us a notable and pleasing example of receiving from the salon the second medal of honor, in recognition of the excellence of her painting shown at the late exhibition. There are but five other American artists who have won this honor since the salon has been opened, and none of them at the time has been so young as Miss Green, for she has barely touched her 24th year.

Mme. Bouguereau, another daughter of the stars and stripes, of whom her country has just cause to be proud, was the first American woman to be so honored, but it was, perhaps, a not unimportant factor that her husband, the great Bouguereau, was president of the salon. Even in the world of art we find the friend at court a most powerful ally.

Miss Green, however, has been her own best friend, and this because of the indomitable will and courage with which she has steadfastly pursued her aim to become a great painter. Now that she is standing on a pinnacle, it is interesting to know that her first attempt at creation was made when a child in Brooklyn, and that she then gave expression to her love for the beautiful by executing a bunch of pink roses against an intensely blue sky. The work was done on a slate, such decoration being then in fashion, and the wooden edge was most brilliantly gilded.

Later, with her mother, she made her way to the Latin quarter of Paris, where for five years she studied diligently under one of the greatest masters, Raphael Colin. Even during the lazy summertime she took no vacation from her work, but followed her master out to Fontenay-aux-roses. Here during this season he instructs a class altogether unique in modern art. In a garden, luxuriant in exquisite flowers and shut in by a high wall, M. Colin teaches his pupils to paint the nude; for it is his theory that the opalescent tints of the flesh can only be fully appreciated under the searching rays of the sun. In this class Miss Green proved herself to be his most promising pupil.

Three years ago she returned to this country, but not for a stay of long duration. The old Latin quarter, with all its dinginess, still appealed to her as the true atmosphere for study and hard work. It had, moreover, wound itself about her heartstrings. On her return there she and her mother settled themselves at 19 Rue la Verrier, in a charming apartment with one of the most spacious and attractive ateliers of the quarter.

It is the exception when Miss Green works less than eight hours a day, and when it is remembered that her canvases are usually large, and that the most of her time she is standing, some idea of her physical endurance can be gained. Of course there come dull, rainy days when the light is poor, and painting on a picture would mean its ruination. Even then she is no idler. In a variety of social and artistic ways she holds a strong interest. Then, too, she is by far too clever to trust to the taste of a model, or a model's dressmaker, if such a being exists, for the raiment she wishes to paint.

With her own nimble fingers she made the many-tinted gauzy gown worn by the model who posed for her now famous picture; she even fashioned the corsets to the girl's figure, that the exact curves and lines she desired might be had. Then the little table, the glass holding the rose and the few scattered ornaments had all to be sought for and most carefully chosen from among the hodge-podge of things offered in the Paris antique shops. The successful artist, as we know, must find time to study the history of time and things.

"The Coquette," an earlier painting, and one for which the salon awarded a medal, although not one as high standing as the recent decoration, was also a large canvas, and, like this year's exposition, possessed an indescribable charm in the subtle daintiness of color. It found a ready sale, and an appreciable home in Philadelphia.

TOOK THE POT WITH A KEG.

Successful Ruse of a Man Who Had Lost at Poker.

(Chicago Inter Ocean.)

It was about 4 a. m. and everything worth having was on the Missouri colonel's side of the table.

"Did you ever lose a game of poker?" asked the little bald-headed man who at the set-in had nudged the next man, indicating that the colonel would be lucky to get away with his clothes.

"Once," replied the colonel as he stretched a rubber band over a corpulent roll of bills.

"How did it happen?" asked the little man incredulously.

"Yes, tell us about it, colonel," said the others who had been cleaned out.

"Well, I didn't exactly lose," began the colonel; "I was a victim of circumstances. It happened in Carson City about a dozen years ago.

"A game had been going on nightly for a week in a hall in the rear of a store where everything from hardware to hard drinks was sold. I had been favored with a streak of luck and had pulled in a nice pile. The biggest and last game and the game at which I lost was played on a Saturday night.

"A stranger to Carson was present that evening and asked for an introduction. At first I was leary of him, but when I cleaned him out a time or two I began to regard him as a real sociable chap.

"By midnight the game was getting fast. Several of the fellows had lost their nerve and gone to pieces with their eyes staring at good things. The stranger was losing right along, but was holding on like a bull-dog. I was really sorry for him; it seemed just like taking it from him.

"Soon after midnight a desperate fellow from Denver made a move to bluff all hands by asking for no limit. He had been winning pretty even with me, but I agreed to his proposition and so did the others.

"The play was started at $1,000 and raised. The stranger tilted back in his chair, mopped his brow with his hand, as though shaking off clammy sweat, and remarked that he was done. Gazing vacantly at the table he began to mumble:

"'Poor Anna, poor Anna.'

"I never could stand for anything like that on account of my heart, and was on the point of proposing to the others that we stake the stranger, when he suddenly left the table and started for the door leading to the store, talking incoherently to himself:

"'Crazy,' said the man at the end of the table, but such sights were more or less common and in a few moments the excitement of the game made us forget the incident.

"I won that time and was arranging my stack, when the door opened and in walked the stranger. The fact that he carefully bolted the door after him and put the key in his pocket caused us to observe that he had in his hand a keg which we knew contained powder.

"Before we could move he rushed to the stove and, swinging open the door, heaved in the keg with the unconcerned comment of:

"'Here we all go to thunder together.'

"The door being bolted, there was only one way of escape, a small window in the rear of the room, and the next second every man of us was wedged in it, kicking and scrambling and fully expecting to feel ourselves sailing through space with the whole house hanging to us. We didn't wait to raise the window; we jumped into the glass head first.

"I got stuck at the bottom of the bunch and everybody else climbed out over my spine. Of course, we were not a minute leaving the room, but it seemed like a month.

"I was the last man out and I lost no time in pursuing the others, who were making the run of their lives across a vacant lot. We must have run a dozen squares before we brought up and looked behind us.

"'It's there yet,' said one of the fellows, meaning the store.'

At this point in the narrative the little fellow with the bald head bounced in his chair as though he had been there, and exclaimed:

"'Did you have the money with you?'

"Well, no," replied the colonel. "I'm sorry to say I did not. You see, we took it for granted that unless we got out of the store in about two ticks of a watch we'd necessarily have to join the stranger in the trip he casually mentioned when he threw the keg in the stove, and money wouldn't have been any object to us down there.

"While we were getting our breath the feverish man from Denver, whose teeth were still chattering, suggested that the explosion had occurred according to schedule, that our minds were so occupied with getting away that we had not heard it, and that the remains would soon descend. Then somebody thought of the money we had left under a horseshoe on the table.

"I thought of something else—the stranger. I explained to the crowd as impassionately as possible that it was my honest conviction that we had been done.

"The fellows caught on, and we returned to the store. It was there, excepting the window, which we had carried off with us, frame and all, but the stranger and the money were gone. The man in the store in front didn't know anything had happened.

"'Didn't a man come in here and get a keg of powder?' we all asked at once.

"'A man came in here,' was the reply, 'and asked for something to sit on, and I gave him an empty powder keg.

"It is needless to say," the colonel concluded, while the fellows jollied him, "that I have not since had the pleasure of meeting the stranger."

Softened Grief.

Wilson—I lost that fine silk umbrella that I carried in town today.

Mrs. Wilson—Oh, what a pity!

Wilson—Still, there is one consolation. It wasn't mine.